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AUGUST, 194

The Liberalist

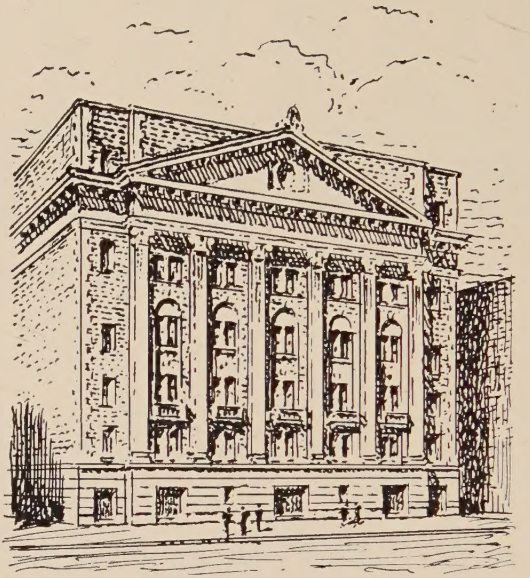
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

You Have To Believe

You have to believe in happiness,
Or happiness never comes.
I know that a bird chirps none the less
When all that he finds is crumbs.
You have to believe the buds will blow
Believe in the grass in the days of snow;
Ah, that's the reason a bird can sing—
On his darkest day he believes in Spring.

You have to believe in happiness—
It isn't an outward thing.
The Spring never makes the song, I guess,
As much as the song the Spring.
Aye, many a heart could find content
If it saw the joy on the road it went
The joy ahead when it had to grieve—
For the joy is there—but you have to believe.

—Douglas Malloch



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

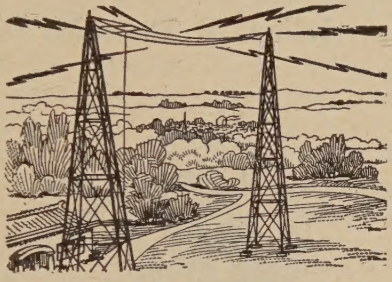
Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXIII **August, 1946** *Number 5*



Dr. Bradley's
Summer Radio Schedule

During the summer Dr. Bradley will be heard by electrical transcription

Every Sunday

11:00 to 11:15 a.m. – WJJD

Peoples Church will re-open Sunday morning, September 15th, 11 o'clock.

Hear Dr. Bradley on WLS—"Hymns of All Churches"—every morning beginning September 16th—Mondays through Fridays—10:30 o'clock.

Hear Dr. Bradley on WGN every evening beginning September 16th—Mondays through Fridays—6 o'clock.

See page 24 for Peoples Church Activities.

The Church Office will remain open during the summer.

August Eighteenth!

My birthday!—"How many years ago?
Twenty or thirty?" Don't ask me!
"Forty or fifty?" How can I tell?
I do not remember my birth, you see!

Julia C. R. Dorr: My Birthday.

BIRTHDAY

Count your garden by the flowers,
  Never by the leaves that fall;
Count your days by golden hours,
  Don't remember clouds at all.
Count your night by stars, not shadows;
  Count your life with smiles, not tears—
And with joy, on this your birthday,
  Count your age by friends—not years.

"THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

WE ARE often told, when we visit a strange town or city for the first time and some of our friends meet us at the train, "Now, please do not judge our town, or our city, by what you see from the railroad train coming into the depot." How many times have you and I run into that experience? It happens to me almost every time I visit a strange town. They will say, "Now, Doctor Bradley, don't judge our town from what you see from the train coming into the depot." I do not know as that is always an accurate description of something that we ought not to do. I think during this past week I have formed some opinions from observations I have made from railroad trains going into depots of some of our cities. It is true that I saw a great deal of squalor, I saw homes that must be very difficult to live in, I saw many evidences of neglect. Of course, those evidences were everywhere. I saw much sorrow crystallized in what I saw, sorrow that I would never know but could only anticipate must be there for people who have to live in some of the kinds of places which I have seen. But I saw something else too, something else. I remember very vividly coming into the depot of a certain midwestern town—a rather large town of several thousands—and the railroad ran through the poor sections of the town and the children looked very ragged and dirty, but before pulling into the station, the train stopped because of some impediment along the track, and as I looked out of the window where I was seated I saw quite an elderly lady who had a little tiny plot of earth, and she was working at that earth and was so interested that she did not see the train at all, she never looked at me, she was just working with her earth, and I knew that love was in her hands and that she loved to make that little patch of ugly earth close to a railroad track grow something beautiful. I knew it was the spirit of creativeness in a woman's heart that I saw there, and I watched as the train stopped for quite a few minutes, the care and devotion which she was taking. Part of the time she was kneeling, and kneeling is a good gesture for workmanship yet to come—she was kneeling and I could see that there was a heart—I don't know who she was, I heard her speak, I shall never see her probably, she will never know that my eyes were looking at her, but she came, for a temporary moment, into my life and out of it again, and taught me a great deal. There was the urge of the human soul to create something beautiful, some little flower that would bring something into an arid life, for obviously the environment in which she lived was not conducive to very much beauty, it was pretty ugly and pretty dirty, but there was the spark and the urge to find some way in which some deep longing in her soul could be realized. Perhaps it was going back to her childhood where she might have had a beautiful garden. Perhaps it was going back to the memories of her own home when things were different and life was beautiful. Perhaps it was because the ugliness and the dirt and the poverty of all the years might not have been sufficiently powerful to have robbed her of the memories of the life

beautiful. Whatever it was, I shall never know. Perhaps she was a mother who might have gone more often than once down to the waters of death and felt the cold chill upon her ankles that out from under her heart she might give the world another life. Perhaps, as a mother she had seen those children disappoint her, perhaps hurt her, perhaps they had gone a long ways away and forgotten her, or perhaps she had stood some spring day by the side of an open grave and had left one of those children there and gone back to the loneliness and her poverty and her God. I do not know, but I do know she was planting a flower, and I have seen, as I go about the city in my work making my sick calls, which I do almost daily, I have seen in very humble homes, very humble, a little jar, and in that jar a little sprig of a plant that someone is giving love to. What are those little plants; what are those little flowers? Why they are just the symbols, symbols of creative love in the human heart.

Now isn't it pitiful, really is it not pitiful, my dear friends, that you and I miss so many opportunities to add to the beauty of the world? How would it be with the fulfillment of your life at this moment if everyone in the Church now, and everyone listening, would just try to think real hard "What did I do this past week to add beauty to life?" It would not be difficult for you to think of the things you did to make money, it would not be difficult for you to think of the things that you did to go somewhere, or to be somewhere, or to see something, or to think of something you did to help entertain your friends, or have a party, or a little excitement, or some of the work and some of the things you had to do, but I am not speaking about those things. What did I do this past week, what did you do, let's be honest, to add beauty to someone's life? What did I do? Dare we take that examination this morning? Dare I take it? As I look back over my week, was it a week of selfishness, was I only concerned about myself, my own comfort, my own contentment, my own security? Did I do one single thing this week that some life will be able to say "O, I am so glad you came my way!"? Of all the activities that you have done this week, of all the places you have been, is someone glad this morning, are they happier, has someone a little firmer grip on life and its problems, some friend of yours may have had a very difficult time and life seemed to be in conspiracy against him, everything went wrong; were you there, were you there when the going was hard and the storm was breaking, were you there by his side? What words have dropped from your lips this week, have they been words of the rhythmic beauty of love and romance, or words of criticism and hate? What did you say when you heard someone maligned by the viciousness of rumor or criticism, and you knew it was not justified, did you speak, did you come to the defense of those who were not there to defend themselves—have you added beauty to a life this week? Can we pass the examination? What kind of a world would it be if we all tried to make life beautiful? Just envisage it!

I think beauty is something that everybody covets, and, of course, people who do not have it, from one point of view, naturally make a very pronounced and sincere effort to buy it and sometimes it is a very dismal failure. It is quite a tragic thing, when you stop and think, that in the United States of America last year we spent more for cosmetics, alcohol and tobacco than we have spent on education and religion since the nation was founded. The astounding thing about that is that

we have spent, in *ONE YEAR,* more money than we have spent since the nation was founded on education and religion, in trying to make ourselves comfortable, beautiful and likeable: cosmetics, alcohol, tobacco. I wonder if it is any mystery that we have juvenile crime? No mystery about it. I wonder if it is any mystery that the churches are half empty? I wonder if it is any mystery that we are in trouble? I wonder if it is any mystery that we cannot settle our problems? That we become more gravely involved in economics and industry? Sometimes when you penetrate behind the scenes the mystery is not very great after all.

Well, some people think you can buy beauty: you cannot *BUY* it. But there are people who are definitely and artistically able to improve on ugliness. That, I am rather in favor of, but we know that fundamentally we cannot buy that which creates true beauty, for beauty of character, beauty of personality, beauty of life is under the same law as all spiritual development. It is amenable to the same law, and that is —this is the law now: *The only way that any person can acquire that elusive, intangible emanation of poise and beauty is when it is the by-product of creating beauty for others.* Do you see what I mean? In other words, we cannot become a beautiful character, a beautiful personality that is fundamentally constructed with all of the quintessence of true beauty unless we *CREATE* beauty. There is a spiritual law that most people neglect, and they neglect it to their own interruption of life. There is a fundamental law that you cannot defy. You cannot be considerate, unselfish, thoughtful, you cannot have any of the fine qualities that make for the integrated personality, you cannot project those qualities without creating an elusive, intangible atmosphere about yourselves. That atmosphere is true beauty. Your nose may be too broad and too flat, a little like mine, your ears may stick out and your chin be too big or too little, your eyes too far apart or too close together, you may be tall or short, stout or thin, you may be any of these things and still be beautiful, so beautiful that when you enter a room, walk into a streetcar, get on a bus, buy a paper from a newsboy, so beautiful with the inner strength of the life beautiful that no matter what you have tried to do to improve Nature, that beauty shines through the veneer. There are people in Chicago who with one look can tell you what curve to put on your hat and what twist on your hair . . . they tell me there are people—what is it they call themselves? Stylists! So a woman who is dissatisfied with her personality and with her dress, can just walk in and see a stylist, and the stylist takes one look at her and says: "My dear, I will make a new woman out of you!" and then she goes to work. I think, perhaps, that is fine. I don't see anything wrong with it at all, not a thing. I wish somebody would do something like that with men because of all the victims of a tyranny to custom in clothes, the men are the worst! Why, we cannot do anything different except add two buttons where there was one before, or perhaps widen the brim of the hats a couple of inches, or make the crowns a couple of inches higher, that is the extent of our courage. We have still these horrible vests, and these awful collars! I wish the men could have the courage the women have.

That is why I am all for these funny hats. Most of the women's hats look as though they had made a forced landing, but I am for it, the more foolish the better. I went to the theater the other night and a man sat along side of me. A woman turned around

and asked him if her hat was in his way, should she remove it? "O, no, no, keep it on, it is lots funnier than the show," he said. I believe in that, there is not a thing the matter with it. I believe in it, for it is good psychology, it has psychological values to the good.

But let us not forget that to live life beautifully means that we acquire beauty. Some of the loveliest and most beautiful people I have ever known, by all the standards of the experts were homely, homely people, but O, so beautiful, so beautiful! Beauty is only the product of beauty, and there is not a person who cannot acquire that inward spiritual beauty that will make your presence a benediction.

When I preached in Boston some years ago they told me of an incident there that lingers with me and I think of it so often. Many of you have been in Boston and to that great Trinity Church and have seen that great oak pulpit where stood the great Shakespeare of the English-speaking pulpit, Phillips Brooks, who was a great idol of mine. Phillips Brooks would walk up into that great pulpit in his Church in the City of Boston and for all those years the benign beauty and power of his great personality was felt in that city, and when I was preaching there one Sunday in Boston at the Arlington Street Church they told me this incident of Phillips Brooks, and in this incident is all of my sermon this morning. Here it is.

Newspaper row, which is a row of newspapermen and workers in Boston, was foggy, dismal, and it was raining; gusts of fog were blowing in from the Bay. A reporter on the Boston Transcript sat at his typewriter looking out at the rain and the fog, improvising at his typewriter. This is what that reporter wrote: "It is cold and dismal and dark in newspaper row this morning. It is raining, and the fog and mist are blowing in from the Bay. . . ." He stopped, looked out of the window. A tall man draped in a cape, his hat pulled down over his ears, his hair graying, but with a sturdy and direct stride, walked through newspaper row in the rain and in the fog. The newspaper reporter watched him go through newspaper row and then he turned back to his typewriter and added: "Yes, it is raining, there is a fog in newspaper row, but Phillips Brooks has just passed by, *AND THE SUN SHINES!*"

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

A Brief Biography

(Because of frequent requests for a brief biography of Dr. Bradley, his birth-month seemed an appropriate time to publish one.)

Dr. Preston Bradley was born in Linden, Michigan, August 18, 1888. His father was a blacksmith and his mother the daughter of a farmer. He was graduated from the Linden High School at the age of 15 and won the high school oratorical championship in the State of Michigan in the same year. He preached his first sermon at the age of 16 and entered Alma College, Alma, Michigan. He later studied law and was a special student at the University of Michigan.

He came to the Peoples Church of Chicago on July 7, 1912, and has served as Pastor of that church ever since. He was given an Honorary Degree in Law by Lake Forest College and an Honorary Doctor of Divinity Degree by Meadville Theological Seminary, a member of the University of

Chicago Federated Seminaries.

Dr. Bradley has written seven books: "Courage For Today," "Mastering Fear," "Power From Right Thinking," "Life and You," "New Wealth For You," "Meditations," "My Daily Strength."

He has served as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Chicago Public Library since 1924 and is now Chairman of the Library Committee. He is a member of the State Normal School Board of the State of Illinois and Chairman of the Faculty Committee. He served for three years as National President of the Izaak Walton League of America, a movement in conservation which he named and of which he was one of the original 54 founders.

He is a member of the Pi Gamma Mu and the Phi Phi Alpha Fraternities, an Honorary Member of both the Lions and the Kiwanis Clubs. He is a Shriner and affiliated with Masonic organizations as well as the Odd Fellows. He is a member of the Adventurers Club, the Chicago Literary Club, the Authors Club of London, England, the Actors Club of Chicago, a Life Member of the Chicago Art Institute and the Chicago Historical Society and the Illinois Historical Society, and is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Municipal Art League of Chicago.

Twice Dr. Bradley has been offered the nomination as Mayor of Chicago, and once was extended the nomination as Congressman at Large from the State of Illinois. He preferred to have no active part in politics and declined both opportunities.

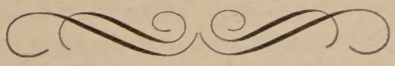
He was a Consultant to the State Department at the San Francisco meeting of the United Nations Organization.

He has lectured in the University of Chicago, Northwestern University, University of Illinois, Iowa University, Lake Forest College and other institutions throughout the country.

Dr. Bradley has the largest attendance in his church of any protestant congregation in the City of Chicago. More than 2,000 frequently attend the evening service. For fourteen years he has given a book review in his church every Wednesday evening and it is the most largely attended regular book lecture in the United States. Every Sunday morning service of his church has been broadcast for the past twenty-two years, and he has been on a daily radio program for the same sponsor for nine years over WGN, Chicago.

Dr. Bradley is a Chicago institution and no man in the city has impressed his personality more on the city of Chicago. He is in constant demand for lectures, forums, as well as officiating at over one hundred funerals a year and performing 100 wedding ceremonies each year.

He is Chairman of the Chicago Council Against Racial Discrimination and has always taken a position of leadership for the understanding of all races, all creeds, all religions and faiths. He numbers by the hundreds friends in every church, every creed, every race.



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FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARCTER

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EDITORIAL

UP IN the northern Minnesota country at Lake Vermilion where I spend so many happy and delightful summer days, about six miles from our little island by water, is a portage which leads a half mile into a lovely little lake. I have visited this little lake many, many times. I keep a fishing boat at the end of the portage, and all winter long I wait for the moment when I once again shove my boat into the waters of the lake, push away from the shore and realize that winter is over and spring has come again.

The bay where I keep the boat is very muddy, and when stirred with the oars or the paddle of a canoe, it releases an indescribable stench. However, right out of the scum and the mud there grow the most beautiful pond lilies I have ever seen—the white pond lilies, the flower that has always seemed to me a symbol of life—mud and beauty—mud and stars—reality and dreams. During the first part of the season when we go to the lake, not even the lily buds are in evidence, but soon the waters are warmed by the sun, and the first evidence of life begins to creep up to the surface of the lake. The buds form, and we say, "Well, in a day or two now, the flowers will be in full bloom." The glory of that scene—as we leave the big lake, go over the portage, down through the swamp to the shore, under interlaced boughs of cedar and balsam, and catch the first glimpse of the little bay where we keep the boat—is one which delights the soul. Sometimes we have remained in the little lake until twilight—and there are long twilights up north, and there is no more beautiful sight in all this world than when one stands on the shore or drifts in a boat and sees the lovely, white, spiritual, sensitive pond lilies begin to close their petals and go to sleep. Mud and beauty! I have thought of it many times, as we have waited for twilight to deepen and darkness to settle down on the placid waters of the hidden lake, and then have used our flash lights to go over the portage.

You cannot drive an automobile to this lake, buried away in the forest. You cannot even find the portage if you do not know where it is. It is a very intimate place. It does not want people who do not love beauty. There is no room for the despoiler, the game

hog or the fish hog. It doesn't like that. I have sat in my boat in the late evening and counted eight deer at one time, drinking the waters of the lake, as I have walked 'round the shoreline or rowed around in a boat, and climbed the rocky hills just for the sheer enjoyment of hearing and seeing things, with no veneer, no subterfuge, no pretense—just reality! That's what nature is—the out-of-doors—the rocks are just what they are—they don't pretend to be anything else. Only men pretend to be what they are not; never trees, never rocks, never my little lake. It's reality! It takes the dust and the debris and the soot of a city to be filled with veneer and hypocrisy and lies. But the old pine tree says, "Look at me, I am just what I am." And the ancient rocks say, "Here we are, just what we are." And the lake says, "Here I am, no pretense, no artificiality, no pose, no effort to impress people." Nature says, "Here I am, just as I am."

We all need this truth in this moment. We are not being honest. We are practicing subterfuge. We are doing it all along the line. We are doing it in international relations; and there is a deep-seated undercurrent of fear, so we try to be something we are not. We make pretenses. We do it in labor relations, and some who stand in the way of our solution of our problems of labor are trying to talk about impairing our form of government. They don't mean that, that's pretense. What they all mean is, that there are not going to be as many dollars, and there isn't going to be as much profit—that's what's they really mean. With the result that we get out of one difficulty into another, and make any old excuse, create any old fear, or propaganda, anything at all—except reality!

I shall never forget one night, when we stayed until dusk on the lake, and then it darkened into a blanket of blackness. I was a little worried about the homeward trip, and all at once we made the last stroke of the oars and got the little boat into the shore crevice where we kept it, and where the bank of mud had been worn off and broken away until it made a natural harbor. Well, right on the surface of that muddy bay, where we had stirred up the dirt of the bottom until it was all over the surface, right in that pool of mud I saw a star, bright and brilliant. For a brief moment I thought I had stirred up something that was phosphorus. I said, "Look! There's a light in the mud." And then it dawned, for it was a star, a perfect star. I turned toward the sky, a black, black sky, and in the quiet it was still and beautiful, and just between two peaks of a tall pine tree, as I changed my position, I could see a star in the sky, but from where I sat in the little boat, I first saw the star in the mud. There was a pine tree between me and the star in the sky, and I couldn't see the star that was reflecting its beauty in the mud and glistening on the water. The mud picked up the beauty of the star, but between me and the star a tree was in the way, and I couldn't see the star, the sky star, but I could see the star in the mud. Well, our lives today are pretty muddy, the waters are roiled, the scum is coming up. They are almost opaque. We thought for a little while, when V-J day had passed and all felt the ecstasy of a military victory —we thought, "Nowhere in the world is a bomb dropping out of the sky; nowhere in the world is a boy being killed; nowhere in the world are people burrowing in the earth against fear, destruction and torture; peace has come and we have an opportunity to create beauty; the night is past," and we all hoped a new day was being born for the world. Now we are caught in the mud! It is clinging to our feet and

our ankles: the mud of profit, the mud of greed, the mud of avarice, the mud of jealousy, the mud of fear, gripping our hearts is this ghastly world situation. And it is all so wrong, so unnecessary. Is there a star in the mud? Of course there is! And it is shining brightly and beautifully. The star—oh, it is so simple, but so powerful. What is it? It is the miracle star; it is the very heart and soul of everything beautiful and good—the star of love! Love, love of our fellow men, love of the poor, of the under-privileged, of the homeless. The love that will manifest itself in action, and then we will never have to worry about America. Let America love and all will be well. Let America hate and we shall all die together!

P. B.

THE STAR AND THE LEAF

Watching a rising star in the autumn darkness,
Marking it graze a roof and slowly climb,
Suddenly a single leaf on a treetop
Hid the golden world from me for a time.

How small a thing to obscure so vast a brightness!
For all that the star shone forth in a moment more,
A trifle had screened from my eyes a great resplendence.
But this, alas, has happened to me before.

Adelaide Love.

(From her book of poems, "The Star and the Leaf")

A LETTER FROM DR. FREDERICK MAY ELIOT

(This letter will be of special interest to those who attended the Unitarian Rally held at the Peoples Church on last April 28th when over a ton of food was donated by those present to be sent to Europe.)

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
25 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts
Frederick May Eliot, President

May 3, 1946.

Dear Preston:

"Now that I am back at my desk in Boston, I must try to put on paper my sense of grateful appreciation for your magnificent hospitality. The experience of speaking to your people last Sunday night is one which I shall long remember, and their splendid response, both in money and in food, was heartening beyond any possible praise.

"If the appropriate moment presents itself I wish you would convey to your people my warmest gratitude, assuring them that the entire denomination looks to the Peoples Church of Chicago, and its minister, for leadership in every good cause. We are indeed proud of what you have done and are doing now.

"With affectionate personal regards,

Faithfully yours,

(signed) Frederick."

BOOK CHATS

BECAUSE the interest of the entire world is now centered quite largely on Russia, I have chosen for our first book the latest book published about Russia, which is entitled "The Great Retreat," by Nicholas H. Timasheff, published by Dutton. It is a big book in size, for there are 470 pages, and it is a great book in what it has to say. Those of us who have the opportunity of reaching people these days through the press and the radio and platform, feel very deeply the necessity of being thoroughly grounded and informed on the questions we discuss. Everyone has an opinion about Russia; almost everyone you meet will discuss Russia, and one doesn't talk with another about Russia without receiving an opinion which may be a prejudiced opinion, or an opinion based upon information and fact. Surely we should all exhaust every opportunity for informing ourselves basically and fundamentally about this whole Russian situation. As time goes on, factual information about Russia becomes increasingly available. To have become opinionated without attempting to exhaust all sources of information is unfair and unworthy of anyone. Our opinions about Russia should indicate that we have thoroughly studied the Russian situation and that our opinions are not the result of newspaper headlines or propaganda or of prejudice, but are balanced conclusions based upon information and fact. That is where such books as this one, "The Great Retreat" by Prof. Timasheff, are so valuable and so necessary.

I am quite at a loss to understand why the author entitled his book "The Great Retreat," because much of the book is concerned with the history of the development of Russia, and he applies the phrase "Great Retreat" to the Russia which he considers today reactionary and conservative when compared with the dreams of Lenin and Trotsky. It is from this point of view that he uses the phrase "The Great Retreat." He refers to this great retreat in the last decade, from the internationalism that found its expression in such shibboleths as "workers of the world unite," and "the activities of the third internationale" and the propaganda for "a world revolution of the proletariat". The result from his point of view of all this is a re-birth of Russian nationalism, and he thinks Russia has become one of the most nationalistic of all the nations and that the present policy seems to be a desertion of the international ambitions of the revolutionists of 1917. He traces dispassionately and in a scholarly manner the development or, as he calls it, the retreat from a militant, active atheism to the restoration of the state church of Russia, and how the old idea of the free family in which a divorce on either side was simply a matter of signing a paper (and that I can attest to, for I was in Moscow at that time and attended a so-called divorce court in Moscow, in which there was a line of men and women simply passing before a man at a desk, who merely signed a paper that he or she decided no longer to be married) to the present situation in Russia, which has virtually prohibited divorce until now it is almost impossible to secure a divorce in Rus-

sia. I was in Russia at the time the atheistic program was in full swing and visited former churches and cathedrals in Leningrad and Moscow, that were turned into atheistic museums. I did not read of these things, I visited them, I saw them, I was there. The writer also deals with the progressive technique in education, as he calls it, which has retreated now, from his point of view again, to the old-fashioned system, and in this connection we must not forget that 25 years ago 86% of the people of Russia could not read or write. In the early days of the revolution the insistence on educating the people was one of the primary ambitions, until the establishment of schools which were made available to millions of Russians has resulted in a very high percentage now of Russians who do read and write their language. He also draws a very interesting, graphic and authentic picture of the gradual abandonment of much of the communism of Lenin and Trotsky and the embracing of many of the economic and industrial procedures of the capitalistic democracies of the world. This is notable in the differences in wage scales, and in other aspects of the economic picture in Russia. Russia has grown decidedly toward a capitalistic society or a statism, with a rapidity almost unsurpassed in history. Prof. Timasheff, in order to get perspective for the present retreat, goes back before the revolution of 1917 to pre-revolutionary Russia and discusses the change in the family, religion, state parties, economic structure, art, science, manners and morals of the whole Soviet period. He was an opponent of the revolution of 1917, and feels that even with the war of 1914, Russia might have advanced without all of the dynamic and revolutionary activities through which she passed, and maintains the thesis that the revolution and the war alike were shocks inflicted upon a rapidly advancing society, compelling it to develop from its historical ways. As to whether the results that are now apparent might have been achieved without war or revolution, no one will ever know, and it will always be a conjecture for the historians and those who interpret history.

What was rather startling to me in the book was his statement that Russia was not stagnant but was actually industrializing itself in the pre-revolutionary period. If it is possible to think of the development of pre-revolutionary Russia along this direct line without taking into consideration the restriction of suffrage in 1907, or the resurgence of the socialist movement in 1912, the problem would seem oversimplified. When Russia finally reached war status, I think it is not difficult for one to see that their slogans of atheism and the kind of internationalism which they had, would have been difficult factors in mobilizing a people for war. People simply do not acquire very much enthusiasm to fight for pure negations or intangible world concepts. As one writer has said, "in order to test his generalization against the stubborn body of fact and event, Prof. Timasheff has made an attempt to embrace the whole varied, zigzagging course of Soviet life in the past three decades and to provide a coherent picture and balance sheet in every field." The value of the book from my point of view is not in the accuracy of the thesis or in the invulnerability of the treatment, but rather as a portrayal of the forces and influences which have been the imperatives for Russia's development and expansion. These are the things which it is necessary for us in the Western democracies to know in order that we might better understand the psychology of the Russians and have a

clearer comprehension of their objective in international affairs. The more we can understand and the more properly we can appraise Russia and her motives, the easier will be the task of arriving at some sort of a program which would not plunge the world into another war. That this can be done without sacrificing the principles of democracy is the problem before us all. But for all interested in Russia and in Russian affairs this book is the most valuable and comprehensive with which I am familiar.

* * *

The next book I have chosen to talk about is entitled "The Springs of Creative Living," and the author is Rollo May. After Mr. May was graduated from Oberlin College and Union Seminary, he became a student in psychological counseling under Dr. Alfred Adler of Vienna. He then spent several years in Europe, in which he studied the problem of counseling and advising people in this difficult task of living life well and creatively. On his return to America, Mr. May became director of men students in religious work and Secretary of the Student Y.M.C.A. at Michigan State College. He has also been a director of the student association of New York University. The effectiveness of his personal interviews with students has attracted wide attention, and has brought him into constant demand as speaker and conference leader on the subjects of counseling and personality development, and also upon the relation between religion and mental hygiene. His name is well known and well established to those who are familiar with the educational journals. His book, "The Art of Counseling," which was the first of his books which I read, is a study of how to gain and give mental health. The book increased tremendously his reputation as a counselor and combines the values of psychology and religion, and blends effectively the scholarship approach with the practical point of view. As one who is daily hearing the troubles and problems of many people, I am convinced that the need for a book of this character is very great. People are disturbed and upset and anxious, and if they only knew how available are the sources of help and constructive inspiration for creative living, there would be much more happiness and much less sorrow.

Do not confuse this book, the Springs of Creative Living, with the usual run of books dealing with personality problems in which the author attempts to convince the reader that he has a magic wand. To give you an idea of Mr. May's approach, here is a sentence or two from him: "What is man and why do men fight, and why, though they everlastingly seek love, do they find hostility piling up to poison society, and undercut happiness in their personal relations? Such questions burn in the minds of countless persons as they view themselves and their fellow men in the tragic modern situation." To understand human personality in order to shed some light on these questions is the purpose of this book. It is not a "pep" book, telling how to live creatively by pulling at one's own boot straps; in fact, it is just the opposite. It is an endeavor to understand the meaning of being a person, for only out of such an understanding can there come the happiness and courage to face one's destiny, which are the marks of the fulfilled personality. The term "creative" is well-worn, to be sure, and has a trite ring to the ears of many of us, but it is still probably the best description of the goal of personality. By "creative," Mr. May says he means the fulfilled personality. The individual who has found himself and has come to terms

with his destiny and is therefore freed from the bonds of his own egocentricity. Such a person has the joy of realizing the meaning of his existence. We use the term "creative" not in its superficial sense, but in its richer meaning. The boot-strap methods by which multitudes during the past two decades have sought to fulfill their personalities have failed. "We have found that the many rules and self-centered systems of saving ourselves have actually tended to enslave us rather than to set us free." This book seeks to show the way to genuine freedom.

It is highly significant that modern psychology has been pointing out increasingly from its clinical experience that freedom and fulfillment for individuals come when they are able to tap realities which have their sources outside themselves. The aim of the book is to bring together the two great streams of the understanding of human nature, psychotherapy and religion. The new technique of depth psychology also helps us to distinguish between unhealthy and neurotic religion on the one hand and healthy religion on the other, so that we can to some extent weed out the former in order that sound religion may grow and furnish people with the meaning which they need to live. This may all sound rather technical to some of my listeners perhaps, and some who may need this book most of all. Let me assure you that the matter is treated simply and plainly, but with definite recognition of fundamental principles and laws. In an age when the facts of contemporary life are imposing increasing strain upon human personality, this book seeks to discover the foundations of meaning by which even in times of turmoil the individual may find rich fulfillment. The book explores the fascinating and enlightening collaboration between the new psychology of personality and the understanding of man. It recognizes the inter-dependence of psychology and psychiatry on the one hand and religion on the other, clarifying a relationship which in the past has been insufficiently understood. Mr. May interprets modern culture in terms of personality health so clearly and so completely that his book becomes an invaluable study of those elements which give direction to human life. In the inter-play of freedom and destiny he discovers the secret of the healthy mind and the creative personality. I think every reader will agree with me that the ever increasing complications of our whole modern world mean an increased challenge to each one of us as individual members of that world. Whatever happens, you and I are here, and we must live through the experience. The more of an integrated personality we become, the more of a poised individual, the more we have mastery over ourselves, the more control we have of our energies, the more sensitive we are to human values, the better will we be able as individuals to live through whatever, as the poet Whittier said, the future hath of marvel or surprise. Any book which helps one to build fundamentally a personality based upon well established laws, is a valuable book for this hour and these times. "The creative individual must have the courage to avail himself of his freedom and at the same time the humility to place himself in accord with the structure of life. This book, "The Springs of Creative Living," is a book which helps one to accomplish this purpose.

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

"Arden"
Lake Vermilion

Dear Friends:

When July creeps in overnight with almost immediate and noticeable change in atmosphere, the early mornings quite sultry, later the sun pouring down with dry heat till after sunning briefly one seeks the shade of the porch—the nights lack the coolness of June—then we realize that real summer, dropping all pretenses, has arrived in the north woods. However, we do not suffer the intense heat of Chicago and other cities, the air is pure and sweet and aromatic, and there is always a vagrant breeze playing from some direction. That is the advantage (or one of them) of living on an island, one side is sure to have a breeze while other sides are quiet—in the lee.

The birds are actively attending to their mid-summer family, the June youngsters safely out of the nests now on their own. The garden is resplendent with huge orange-red lillies, tall stalks of rich blue delphiniums, even finer than usual; many, many daisies, pansies, gorgeous "snaps" of extraordinary colors, and exquisite "evening scented stocks." And so—summer is passing, and we treasure every hour of it.

A lovely and colorful little poem received from a radio listener (who does not wish her name given) fits into my mood of the day and expresses my very thoughts to a nicety, and so I am going to quote it for your pleasure.

M.E.W. calls her poem "Small Things."

"There's beauty which fades with the passing morning:
Crystal hoarfrost, the spider's web adorning;
Glistening rainbow colors on dew covered grass,
And winding, silvery trails at sunrise—These pass.
But listen for the small wren's solo of song
Or the sweet harmony of a blackbird throng,
Unsurpassed choral in nature's world of sound,
And for seeing eyes there's beauty all around;
Butterflies aplenty on bright colored wings,
Everywhere, such loveliness in little things;
So let those of us who would be large of heart,
Learn from all of these small things, how great a part
Beauty plans in the Almighty's scheme for man.
A fruitful, watered garden was his first plan.
In our love for those little things we may find
Contentment of life and refinement of mind,
And by living close to the world of nature
We cannot be far from God the Creator."

* * *

The next letter that I draw from

the mail-bag comes from Mrs. Mabell Chase, of Lansing, Michigan. Mrs. Chase writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I listened to your splendid broadcast to-night, and I want to tell you how very much I have enjoyed all of your broadcasts this season, and how much I shall miss you until you return to the air again. In a world of turmoil and trouble, it is so good to listen to one who has his feet firmly planted on the earth, and who isn't easily buffeted around by every ill wind that blows. I'm perfectly sure that the power of good is stronger than evil. The power of good works quietly, while the power of evil makes screaming headlines in our newspapers and operates with noise and confusion. How often we find some item in a newspaper which is fine and noble, tucked away in a tiny obscure part of the paper, while a large black headline tries to distract our attention from the other item. Well, Dr. Bradley, there is plenty of such good news if we could hear more about it. You have brought so much of it to our attention, and I for one am very grateful to you. We need more of this type of information, for I believe so much evil is caused from ignorance or thoughtlessness, and your talks are bound to make people think.

"I hope your vacation time will be pleasant, and do take care of yourself, for we will be anxiously waiting for your return to the air again. Thanks so much for all of the information, comfort and peace of mind I have found in your broadcasts."

* * *

Here is a bit of interesting advice on dietetics in a nice letter from Mrs. Wilhelmina Becker, of Marengo, Ill., who writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: You certainly are doing a wonderful work in this chaotic day—and perhaps, if we all really try to *apply* at least some of your advice, this New World Order we hear so much about will really roll in. Keep up the good work, for speaking for myself, your words surely help to uplift us, in the meantime.

"Please forgive me if I may seem too bold in offering a suggestion, and I hope you will understand that I am most sincere. This matter of throwing rice at weddings: I thoroughly agree with you that throwing any good food on the streets these days is pure waste and that it has a much better place in a hungry person's stomach. Why I write is that I see such a marvelous opportunity for you to go *all the way* in this matter. Couldn't you please prevail upon the human being to eat only the *whole* grains, for *white* rice has no food value and perhaps is better on the streets to be walked on than in any man's stomach. I have been practically pulled from the grave by learning to *eat and live right*. You can't have a live body while feeding it dead food, so Dr. Hauser says.

"And, dear Doctor, allow me to say to you that I listen to you whenever I can and am trying with all my heart to apply what you teach (I like the word 'teach' better than 'preach') and I consider that *spiritual food*, for I know man cannot be really happy and try to 'live by bread alone.'

"I do so wish you happiness and good health so that you may live for a long, long time and guide us on! We need men like you and it is too bad we have not more."

* * *

Recently Dr. Bradley gave an address in Olcott Park in Virginia, Minn. before 5,000 people, gathered there for the Forty-second Annual Finnish Midsummer Festival. It was a gorgeous Sunday in beautiful Olcott Park, fres

in June greenery and flowers, that must have been a pleasure to everyone present. The editor of the Finnish newspaper in New York came for the occasion, and a professor from a university in Finland, who is touring the United States, spoke not only in Finnish but in excellent Oxford English. A very interesting man to meet, Dr. Bradley said afterwards, having chatted quite some time with him. Dr. Bradley gave a very fine address that was very much appreciated. A letter from the president of the Festival, G. A. Koski (a lawyer in Virginia) received a few days ago expresses gratitude of the Executive Committee:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: On behalf of the Executive Committee of the 42nd Annual Finnish Midsummer Festival, I desire to extend to you our sincere thanks for appearing on the program at the Northside Park in Virginia on that occasion. We feel that the success of this Festival was due in great measure to you appearing as a speaker at the picnic. On the completion of the program, we received very many favorable comments regarding your address.

"As you know, the proceeds from this Festival are being used for Finnish relief and I am sure that the recipients of this relief will appreciate your efforts in their behalf.

"We are advising the Finnish officials in Finland regarding this Festival and I am sure that they will feel deeply obliged to you for your kindness in appearing on this program.

"May we extend to you our heartfelt thanks for the splendid address you gave on that occasion."

* * *

With the following kind letter of appreciation which obviously comes straight from her heart, from Mrs. Ed. Fischer, of Mt. Prospect, Ill., we will close the mail-bag:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I have been listening to your broadcasts for a long time and have gotten something out of each one which has proven helpful. Last night your talk was the best one, as far as I'm concerned. The reason I'm writing you is to ask if it would be at all possible to have a copy of that *very* helpful talk so I could study it over and perhaps derive even more from it. I'm the mother of two youngsters and I feel as if a mental lift such as I received last night is the act of God. Believe me, you did me a world of good! That's why I'd like a copy of last eve's address.

"People get into a mental rut sometimes and only by sincere prayer can they be lifted out of it, if they live up to their prayers, I believe. Then along comes a marvelous talk, such as you gave last night, and that little extra boost is given. Thank you so much for your wonderful broadcasts. They have been a God-send to me."

* * *

And now goodbye till next time. "Don't forget to write"— (the admonition anxously shouted always from the wharf to friends on outgoing ocean liners, one hears above all the noise!) We do need your letters. Hope you are all enjoying the summer in some special way—and do KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS FOR JUNE, 1946

2—Morning service. Peoples Church
3—Cut record. WGN
Radio Address. WGN
Board Meeting. Peoples Church
4—Address. Wisconsin 1st Dist. Fed. W. C. Burlington, Wis.
Radio Address (E.T.)
5—Luncheon. Polish Consul
Radio Address. WGN
6—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Continental Hotel. Chicago Oil Men's Club
Address. Commencement. Aurora, Ill.
7—Radio Address. WGN
8—Meeting. Chicago Council Against Racial Discrimination

CHRISTENINGS

8—Clara May Lewis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Lewis

WEDDINGS

1—Anthony Janus and Ruth Manes
Franklin Haiman and Alice Russell
George Dean and Alice Marks
Edwin Lidseen and Virginia Sparr
5—George W. Satkoff and Phyllis Blanche Knudson
8—Kenneth Nelson and Olive Benjamin
Albert M. Johnson and Norma June Dahlstrom
Kenneth Leaf and Marjorie Fergestad
Thomas Price and Leona Yearling
John Wysong and Hazel Erickson
G. Joseph Lindblad and Vora I. Little

FUNERALS

1—Mrs. Alvin C. Peters
6—Walter H. Espeset
7—Louis Kason

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

On the Crest of a Hill

Harriet Lyon Leonard

There's an open space on the crest of a hill,
Where the mosses are thick and green.
One lies at his ease under towering trees;
The boughs make a sun-dappled screen.

There are valleys below, and the sky is above;
There are musical sounds in the air;
At the crest is a place where nothing is base,
And the far-away world is fair.

This high, secret spot that is tranquil and pure,
To a devotee seems like a shrine;
For here one may kneel and be given to feel
At one with his Maker divine.

There are organ-like notes in the breezes that blow,
And a fragrance that blossoms distill.
At dawn is bird song; and, when shadows grow long,
God walks on the crest of a hill.

DR. BRADLEY

to Be Heard This Fall Over

WLS and the American Broadcasting Company Network Over 200 Stations

PEOPLE'S CHURCH
Will re-open Sunday morning
September 15th, at 11 o'clock

Beginning Monday, September 16th, Dr. Bradley will be heard over the American Broadcasting System (200 radio stations throughout the country) on the "Hymns of All Churches Program" heard in Chicago over WLS at 10:30 every morning, Monday through Friday.

His nightly broadcast, Monday through Friday at 6 o'clock over WGN for the Evans Fur Company, will be resumed also on September 16th.

✦ ✦ ✦

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley's Summer Address: Tower, Minnesota.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

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* * *

The Bradley-Griffin School of the Theatre presents a wide variety of classes. Voice, diction, body co-ordination and play production for adults, 'teen age, and children, under the direction of J. Bradley-Griffin and Roberta Slagle.

Radio Department, headed by Peggy Patton.
Costume Department, Barbara Wahl, a successful and talented designer.

Arts and Crafts and Stage Make-up, Marvyn Harbert, Art Director.
Playwrighting, Alice Gerstenberg, the Broadway playwright.
Dialects, Willie Owitz.
Fencing, Roberta Hewitt.

* * *

The plans for the erection of a new building on the LaSalle Street site are exciting, and include a modern theatre, studios and facilities for every branch of the Players' activities.

Until completion of the new building, plays will be given at the Eighth Street Theatre, Drama Teas in Anderson Hall of The Peoples Church, and studios and general headquarters of the Bradley-Griffin School of the Theatre will be maintained at 1642 N. Clark Street.

* * *

Opening Fall Attraction—October

at the

Eighth Street Theatre

"ARSENIC AND OLD LACE"

by Joseph Kesselring

A zany, laugh-provoking comedy

Honor Roll

Adams, Franklyn
Adams, LeRoy
Allen, Robert George, Ens.
*Anderson, Frank
Anderson, Harold
Anderson, Norman P.
Andrey, G.
Arms, George F., Stf. Sgt.
Arnopol, Richard Arthur
Ball, Kenneth R.
Bartlett, Tommy
Baumann, Robert
Berglund, William
Berhalter, Howard
Blue, Lloyd, Jr.
Blue, Wayne P.
Bluhm, Arthur
Bluhm, Ben C.
Bluhm, Herbert, Major
Boaz, Charles
Bower, Clyde F.
Brosious, Donald W.
Brosious, Edward P.
Buchanan, James W., Sgt.
Bunn, Robert R.
Burkhard, Gordon Robert
Byron, R. B.
Cappelli, Mario, Jr., Lt.
Carlseen, Howard
Carlton, Rosalie M.
Christ, Frank G.
Code, James
*Crane, Charles C.
Cuzort, James T.
Dahlstrom, Gordon R.
DeWees, William Robert
Droth, Betty
DuMont, Harry
Dwinell, Robert M.
Eddy, George G., Jr.
Edelhart, Marvin I.
Eldred, Robert L., Lt.
Elya, Verl
Eronson, Frans
Estal, Wendel, Cpl.
Ettelson, David
Etter, John T., Jr., Lt.
Faulkner, Donald G., Cpt.
Felch, George
Fishman, Carl Leonard
*Formanek, George, Jr., Lt.
Fortuin, George J.
Fulton, Robert Harry
Fuss, Charles, Cpl.
Fuss, June
Freitag, George
Freitag, John L.
Garner, William C.
Gau, William R.
Gill, Robert E.
Goetz, Fred H., Jr.
Gray, Harry S.
Gregg, Noel Dudley
Gregg, Robert D.
Haban, Andrew, Cpt.
Hagen, John H.
Hangel, Robert L.
Hannum, Robert
Hansen, Harold E.
Hansen, Robert J.
Harbert, Marvyn F.
Harling, Robert, Sgt.
Heg, Winslow
*Killed in action.

Henderson, Tom
Henderson, William
Hendrich, John
Henning, Anne E.
Hobbs, William F., Sgt.
Hoots, Harold W., Cpl.
Hurley, Betty Best
Hurley, William R., Sgt.
Ingersoll ,Harold
Johannes, Henry C., Dr.
Johansonn, Eileen
Johnson, Lawrence
Jones, Lincoln H.
Kastner, Howard H.
Kemper, Calvin C.
Kiltz, Elwood E.
Klingler, Lambert H.
Klippel, Winifred
Kokoefer, E.
Kosner, James, Cpl.
Kramer, Hans
Kredler, Arthur J., Jr.
Kredler, Stanley
Kreutzer, Fred H., Lt.
Kruskopf, George E.
Langley, Philip
Lantz, Huber C., Cpl.
LaPointe, J. C.
Larsen, Vincent William
Lauletta, June Blair
Lawson, Roy O., Sgt.
Leffler, Ruth
Lehnert, William A.
Lichtenebert, Rudolph
Maddox, Don, Cpl.
Marsh, Carlton H., Lt.
Mason, Frank J.
McCord, Sarah Parks
Merrick, Jay
Merrill, Leslie
Meyer, James H., Capt
Meyer, Kurt
Meyer, Robert H.
Miles, Mark Alan
Miller, Harold R.
Miller, John M.
Miller, Richard
Miller, Richard B.
Miller, Roger
Molzahn, W. A.
Moore, Florence M.
Moran, Walter
Mostek, Raymond
Murphy, Robert J.
Myers, William V., Sgt.
Needham, Daniel Arthur
Nelson, Harry G.
Nelson, Howard C.
Nonnenbruch, Edw. W., Cpt.
Norris, Donald J.
Novotny, Anton
Oldenburg, Forrest A.
Olson, Robert
*Osterberg, Robert
Paige, Charles
Palmer, Earl
Palo, Alfred C.
Palo, Clarence W.
Palo, Douglas L.
Parlette, William H.
Paschal, Edward
Perfumo, Leo A.
Pfaff, Henry, Jr.
Philbrick, Betty

Phillips, James E.
Phillips, Jim
Plumley, Robert
Plummer, Pauline M., R.N., 2nd Lt.
Poquette, Robert E.
Post, Clee S., Sgt.
Proud, Kurt, Lt.
Quesnall, Arthur
*Randall, Tabor Charles
Replogle, Jacob Estes
Riley, Lester G.
Roof, James H.
Rowley, L. C.
Rowley, Yale W.
Salamon, Rudolph E.
Sauser, Martin
Sauser, William
Schneller, James, Sgt.
Schnorr, Robert K.
Scholler, Robert W., Ens.
Schroeder, William
Schulten, Marjorie, Lt.
Schumacher, Arthur
*Sexton, Walter Scott
Shoberg, J. Bryant
Shurman, Frank M.
Sipe, Clinton R.
Smith, Donald Seth
Smith, George John
Stippe, Robert C.
Strand, Philip R.
Strand, Richard P.
Sweet, Mary Louise
*Taylor, Alfred
Terry, Duane R.
Thomas, Theodore Gaillard
Thompson, Jean
Tilles, Marie
*Tinling, H. John
Toepfer, Arthur E.
Vespermann, Bruce W.
Victorin, James R.
Voigtritter, Carl W.
Wagner, Foster
Walker, Leslie J.
Walska, Charles
Walters, William James
Weeger, Robert
Wegner, Gerhard
Weinberg, Sidney
Wendland, Robert John
Wenger, William J.
Wentz, Howard, Cpl.
Wesche, Charles, Jr.
Wesche, Orville
White, George A.
*Widener, Virgil Drew
Wiederer, Elmer Michael
Wiggins, Robert H.
Wilkins, E. J.
Willeumier, Henry
Willeumier, Mary
Williams, Arthur J.
Williamson, W. Ross
Wilson, Andrew C.
Wood, Robert, Jr.
Wood, Thomas, Jr.
Woods, Daniel Jack
Woods, James W., Jr.
Woods, Tom Lee
Yarrington, Mary Alice
York, Carroll D., Cpt.
Yous, Donald, Cpt.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

35th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)
September 15th through June 15th.....11:00 to 12:30
June 16th, 1946 through September 8th by transcription.....11:00 to 11:15

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall
September 15th through June 15th..... 9:30 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (not broadcast)
September 15th through Easter..... 7:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—Every Wednesday evening
November 6th through Wednesday of Holy Week..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday, Church Auditorium..... 7:30 p.m.

VARIOUS CLUBS OF THE CHURCH—Hold regular meetings.
October through May:—

WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting every two weeks in Anderson Hall)..... 1:00 p.m.
Miss Mabel E. Byrnes, Cor. Sec., 1252 Glenlake Ave.,
Chicago 40—Briargate 5308. Summer events on notice.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB..... 8:00 p.m.
(Meeting every first and third Monday in Anderson Hall).
Miss Grace Rozanski, Cor. Sec., 1434 Thome Ave.,
Chicago 40—Briargate 6914. Summer events on notice.

MEN'S CLUB (Meetings every fourth Monday in Anderson Hall).... 8:00 p.m.
Earl S. Neindorf, Sec., 1517 School St., Lakeview 7267.

USHERS' CLUB (Meeting first Tuesday each month in Anderson Hall).
Karl H. Lemke, Sec., 3536 N. Bosworth Ave., Bittersweet 3764.

PRESTON BRADLEY VETERANS ORGANIZATION..... 8:00 p.m.
(Meeting every other Wednesday in Bradley Hall).
Rosalie M. Carlton, Adj , 4528 N. Winchester Ave.,
Edgewater 4285.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB.... 8:00 p.m.
(Meeting on notice). Miss Mary Nordstrom, Sec.-Treas.,
7737 W. Hortense (31)—Newcastle 7185.

PARENT-TEACHERS FORUM OF THE CHURCH SCHOOL..... 8:00 p.m.
(Meeting second Monday of each month, Anderson Hall).
Earl S. Neindorf, Pres., 1517 School St., Lakeview 7267.

THE CHOIR—(Meets every Thursday evening for practice; social meetings on notice).
Henry D. Ferguson, Pres., 2617 W. Berwyn Ave. (25) Sun. 2582.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director;
Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas.,
1642 N. Clark St., Mic. 7766. Summer School now open.
"Arsenic and Old Lace" opening in October at Eighth Street Theatre.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday Morning Service (by electrical transcription during the summer months).....11 to 11:15 a.m.
(Beginning September 15th, 35th Season).....11 to 12:30

WLS (on NBC network to 200 stations) beginning September 16th
"Hymns of All Churches" Program.....10:30 a.m.

WGN—Beginning September 16th, Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

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